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Puff your way into the joys of Prince Albert!

Go ahead, quick as you lay in a stock of the national joy smoke! Fire up a pipe or a makin's cigarette as though you never did know what tobacco bite and parch meant!

For Prince Albert is freed from bite and parch by a patented process controlled exclusively by us. You can smoke it without a comeback of any kind because P. A. is real tobacco delight.

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

will do for you what it has done for thousands of men, not only in the States but all over the world! It will give you a correct idea of what a pipe smoke or a home-rolled cigarette should be.

Get this Prince Albert pipe-peace and makin's-peace message, you men who have "retired" from pipe and cigarette-makin's pleasure; you men who have never known its solace! Because you have a lot of smoke pleasure due you quick as you pack-your-pipe or roll-a-cigarette with P. A. and make fire!

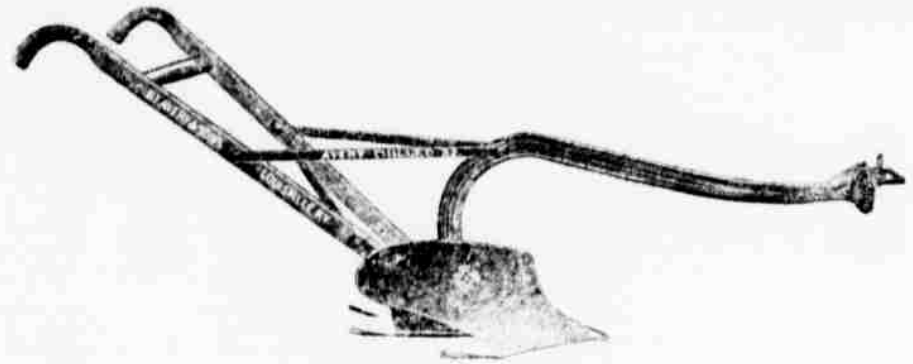
R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., Winston-Salem, N. C.



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On the reverse side of this tiny red tin you will find "Prince Albert" and "R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co." and "Winston-Salem, N. C." and "Made in U. S. A." and "Patented July 30, 1907." and "See inside (over) for more information."

U BAR AND OSBORN RIVAL DISC HARROWS



For the early spring that is near. Don't fail to see these goods. We have a car load of Dillen Fencing which is an improvement over the American—bought before the advance in price. We can save you money.

A NEW STOCK OF GARDEN SEEDS IN BULK

Our stock of Harness can't be beat. If you need Lime and Cement, Sash and Doors, Paints or Oils, see our stock. Our Lang farm wagon and Hercules bugies are fine. Also, the DeLaval Separator sold and demonstrated by us.

Estes Brothers, Marble Hill, Mo., Phone 21.

is one of the oldest diseases known. A disease which was probably the grip was described by Hippocrates 412 years before the birth of Christ. Many great outbreaks of the grip affecting a large part of the known world have since occurred. Four great epidemics occurred in the Seventeenth century, ten in the Eighteenth century and four pandemics in the Nineteenth century. Its presence in America is usually dated 1889 when the first great epidemic for many years affected us. Since that time few years have passed without some cases of the disease.

The study of these outbreaks has taught us a great deal. Like all epidemics, the grip progresses along routes of travel and no faster than human beings do. Large commercial centers are first effected, scattered cases occurring before the general outbreak takes place. Next the small towns become affected and lastly the entire country. The disease appears on board ship only after they have touched at affected ports. Institutions which are more or less cut off from the community in which they are located, like hospitals for the insane, convents and prisons, often escape more or less.

Grip infection is from person to person, and the closer the contact the greater the danger. Forty per cent of the entire population fall victims of the grip during epidemics. Infants and old people are less likely to take it than those of middle age. It is markedly a disease of winter months. Fifty epidemics have been noted during winter months, thirty-five during the spring months and twenty-four during the fall months.

As infection is from person to person directly, the prevention of the grip is clear, but it is difficult to carry out, according to Dr. M. P. Ravenel of the department of preventive medicine of the University of Missouri at Columbia. All persons should avoid contact with those showing symptoms of the disease. During epidemics of the grip, crowded places, like theaters, halls and assembling places of all kinds, should be avoided. There is no specific cure for the disease and no specific which will prevent it.

It is not a disease to be trifled with. Persons who have been infected with tuberculosis, but who have resisted illness, often succumb to the disease after having the grip. Owing to this fact, it has been a popular belief that the grip may run into tuberculosis. This is impossible, but an attack of the grip often immediately precedes the declaration of the symptoms of tuberculosis.

There was a killing at Kennett February 22, when Tom Busham and John Hall fought a pistol duel. The former was killed and Hall seriously wounded. The Democrat says the killing is the outcome of gambling, booze and a woman.

Program of Baptist W. M. S. of St. Francois Association to be held at the Baptist Church in Marble Hill.

FRIDAY, MARCH 3, 7:00 p. m.
1. Call to order.
2. Devotional Exercises—Mrs. W. A. Kinder.
3. Welcome Address—Mrs. J. Monroe Ekins.
4. Response—Mrs. H. D. Revell, Jr.
5. Song—Choir.
6. Appointment of Committees.
7. Roll call of Societies and Bands.
8. Song—Sunbeam Band.
9. The W. M. S. Training school.

1. What is it?
2. What it means to Missouri girls—Mrs. Jasper Fulkerson.
3. Song—Miss Ethel Greenwood.
4. Graded W. M. S. Explained and Illustrated—Miss Anna Boswick.
5. Transmitted by Mrs. J. A. McGlothlin.

1. What is a W. M. S. possible in a country church?
2. What does it mean to the church?—Miss Stella Hamblin.
3. What does the W. M. S. mean to a community?—Mrs. Omer Lyles.
4. What does the W. M. S. mean to the individual?—Mrs. F. M. Vanhook.
5. What does the W. M. S. mean to the pastor?—Gen. Graham.

13. Song—Choir.
14. Prayer.
SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 10:00 a. m.
1. Call to order.
2. Devotional Exercises—Mrs. E. E. Hahn.
3. Song.
4. Report of Committees:
1. Time and place.
2. Resolutions.
3. Enrollment.
5. Our new plan of work—Miss Boswick.
6. How far have we advanced in our Union?
7. What has it meant?
8. Minutes.
9. Song.
10. Prayer.

This will be an occasion of much interest and the public is cordially invited to be present, thereby encouraging the good women in the work they are so earnestly engaged in.

Good Seed Corn

Much depends on the quality of our seed corn. One cannot always tell by the appearance of an ear whether it will grow or not. Many poor stands of corn get credited to the weather and the crows that could have been prevented by testing the seed.

If ten ears plant an acre, it is easy to see the loss one dead ear will cause. It is so easy to take three or four grains from each seed ear and plant them where they will grow. In a few days we will know our seed is good or bad. A box divided into small squares with red paper trays, or with strings tied across the top at right angles makes a good tester. Fill with any material that can be kept moist enough to sprout corn. A few grains from each ear are placed in each square and the work is done. In a few days we will know whether our corn is alive or dead.

In our work in the Normal school we use cloth seed corn testers.

Strips of bleached muslin 5 feet, 6 inches long and 1 foot wide are marked with lead pencil or ink. First a line is drawn lengthwise through the center of the tester to 18 inches of either end. Every three inches or less lines are drawn. This gives us twenty spaces which are numbered. Placing the grains in position and rolling the tester up it is ready to be used. This can be done by pouring water over the tester or placing it so that one end dips in water allowing the moisture to be taken up by capillarity. The kind of tester is immaterial. Testing is the important thing.

—S. H. BARBOCK

In Loving Memory

of my dear mother who was called to her home in the year of our century years ago today February 28, 1899.

Time-hills on, it will not stay.
And here we meet some of our great day.
With us on earth, and in the true,
How I wish I could be with you.

In the greenery and the sleeping,
When the flowers grow in a way,
I see the one I love so dearly,
In that quiet, deathly grave.

Forever in my heart, dear mother,
"To be with you in Heaven."
In the world, I will be true,
In death I will be true.

At the word of 2000 with silence,
I see the one I love so dearly,
Just as you were, when you left us,
But how often I wish that you.

But you're not with me, while we're sleeping,
But will meet you in Heaven,
For memory is the only thing,
That can call its own.

—ANNA L. HARRIS

It seems that Walter S. Dickey of Kansas City is not to have it all to himself for the republican nomination for United States Senator. Thomas J. Atkins of St. Louis has cast his life into the circle. He wants to unify the g. o. p., draw all diverging elements together and center on a national head of the ticket that will do this. In this connection he says "Our leaders seem to be interested more in finding a man that can defeat Wilson than they are in the name of the candidate," and he appears to be doubtful of the income. He doesn't believe that Mr. Dickey is the man to help do this, but evidently believes that Mr. Atkins is. He fears too, that because Mr. Dickey was born in Canada he may subconsciously be a little pro-ally and that the German-republican vote will fight shy of him. Mr. Atkins also intimates that Mr. Dickey isn't very highly esteemed by organized labor and would suffer at the polls on that account. Well, it's the republican quarrel—let them fight it out. We have troubles of our own—Farmington Times. And when Mr. Dickey should happen to remember about the "seed" intimation to some sixty odd thousand that disappeared from the 1890 census—see p. 5, Lewis when I was in St. Louis and charge of it? I look at the 1890 census like there must have been a loss of 60,000 in this year. In 1890 we had 1,200,000.

Col. Fred D. Gardner

EDITOR OF THE MARBLE HILL PRESS.

In 1848-9, when a boy just out of school, I had charge of my first newspaper, The Democrat, at Dresden, Tenn., and was fortunate enough to enjoy the friendship and kindly offices of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Gardner, the grandparents of Col. Fred D. Gardner of St. Louis, and more kindly, big-hearted people never lived. Their beautiful farm—one mile from the town—with a typical southern home, was noted for the hospitality and splendid entertainment that awaited their friends, and they were legion.

In the county (Weakley) there was scarcely a district without its Gardner family, all of them intelligent, well-informed, reading people and democrats from the ground up—not office-seeking, street-corner politicians, but men who read and thought for themselves. An uncle of Col. Gardner, Hon. John A. Gardner—in his day one of Tennessee's foremost lawyers—was induced by earnest solicitation of his many friends to accept the nomination for state senator. He was elected, by an overwhelming majority, served the term with distinction and returned to his home—a fine farm—and law office and to kind of persuasion or argument ever swayed him from his resolution to live the home life of a home-loving, private citizen, free of the care and turmoil of political office seeking or accepting.

It was in daily contact with these good people that, in my boyhood, I saw the right, became an adherent of and defender of the principles of Jackson, Polk, and other great Tennessee democrats and to-day—in my 87th year—am as young at heart and clean of conscience as a man can be. Voting the straight democratic ticket certainly promotes longevity and now I am trying to pay to the descendant of these good people the debt I owe them for putting me in the career political road.

The colonel's father and uncle, "Billy" and Lee Gardner, and I were

comrades in the "lost cause," and they ranked as high as soldiers as they did as clever, intelligent citizens.

No living man comes from better people than the ancestors of Fred D. Gardner—and as for his democracy—in every sense of that word—why, he was just born that way, and could not be any different—a plain, honest, earnest, old-school democrat, and how can anyone doubt his thorough qualification for the safe conduct of any office to which he may aspire?

—JOHN S. HILL

Big Boquet For Miss Eula Davault

We take the following from a long article in the Caruthersville Democrat:

No more pleasing sight was ever witnessed in Caruthersville, than the performance of the Cantata "Our Flag" at the Dixie Theater, Washington's Birthday, by 575 school children between the ages of six to twelve years. The Cantata covers the period of our history from the Revolutionary war to the present state. . . . The solo parts were very well sung and the pupils showed neither self-consciousness nor stage fright.

Miss Stophlet, who was the pianist of the evening, also accompanied by Miss Davault in a number of instrumental duets. These added much to the program and allowed pupils to go to and from choruses in an orderly manner. Perfect time, excellent training, well planned details were terms used by many in describing the entertainment.

Miss Davault made plain in her introductory remarks, the purpose of music in the public schools is not to produce finished soloists and operatic singers, but to teach the children, in a body, the rudiments and fundamentals of music so that they might be able to read music at sight and produce it in a pleasing manner. That she has accomplished this purpose is evident from the rendition of this unusual program, for, previous to this year, no music

has been taught in the grades. Miss Davault was assisted in the drilling by all the grade teachers, each one being responsible for the training of her own grade. Co-operation is the keynote to success which they have achieved. More than \$100 was cleared, with which Supt. Howard will purchase much needed books for the Grammar school library. He will also pay for the handsome Army and Navy weather proof flag used in the program. The flag will wave from the topmost roof of the Grammar school.

Obituary

Mrs. Sarah Statler was born in Bollinger county, Mo., November 16, 1848, and died February 9, 1910, aged 61 years, 2 months and 23 days. She was married to C. C. Statler July 16, 1868 and therefore if she had lived not quite six months longer they would have celebrated their golden wedding. She was the mother of five children, three of whom, Henry and the two daughters, are living.

Her funeral was preached by the writer in the Liberty church and the large congregation that filled the house showed the esteem in which she was held by a large circle of friends. She leaves a husband, three children, three brothers and one sister and other relatives to mourn their loss.

About thirty-five years ago she professed religion and joined the Methodist church and was a faithful Christian until death. She was industrious and always interested in her husband's work, helping him in every way she could. None of the children ever married and all lived and worked together and had paid for a nice home. It was sad for her to have to leave, but she has gone home in the skies where, if her loved ones are faithful, they shall make an unbroken family.

—Jno. D. DOWERY, Pastor.

The History of Influenza, or Grip.

Influenza, commonly called grip,